

BLONDES **BRUNETTES** *Redheads*

Volume 2 No. 1

150
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THE BUBBLE BURSTS
ON THE TOPLESS SWIMSUITS

SHOULD GIRLS POSE IN HOSE?

HIGHT SCHOOL TEACHER
PRESENTS A NOVEL COURSE

EXCLUSIVE REPORT ON LONELY HEARTS CLUBS



BLONDES BRUNETTES REDHEADS

Volume 2 No. 1

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TWO BLONDES WHO WOULDN'T — Girl on the opposite page wouldn't pose in the nude, yet became a very popular model. Sexy blonde on this page threatened to pump in the pool and ruin her hard-earned photo unless photog hired her for a full day of shooting



When a model really enjoys posing for pictures, it is evident in her every picture. Such an energetic subject will hurry into a new pose as soon as the lightflash signals that a frame has been shot. She will keep trying several angles until the lensman is satisfied and if she is experienced at posing, then often times her very first pose will need no further improvement and the shot will be taken.



Should the model grow weary of posing it is a good time for the cameraman to provide a respite from the work while he takes the opportunity to change his props, location, background paper or various film loading and camera adjustments that may be necessary.



It is desirable to let the model try on a few items of lingerie until she finds something she likes as well as something the photog wants her to pose in. Often both will agree on what items look best and sometimes it is favorable to proceed sans clothing.





A really excellent model is one that can jump into over 100 poses in quick succession with only occasional suggestions from the man behind the camera. There are angles that can be improved on and perhaps a lock of hair out of place, but the rest is up to her.





If a model is allowed freedom to pose in any manner she feels is natural and comfortable, the poses will probably turn out far superior to those that are staged so completely that she becomes awkward.



As the shutter clicks for the last time there is satisfaction from the model that she has done her job well and the photographer is happy in the knowledge that he has several rolls of excellent film.

EXPOSE' ON LONELY

by

Robert Juxton



BEING AN INQUISITIVE SORT, I'd always wondered what kind of people placed lonely hearts ads, joined the clubs, etc. After reading a "sensational" article that proclaimed hundreds of sex starved beauties were available, I decided to investigate.

The result of that investigation has been what might be called a hobby of several years duration. One drawer of a filing cabinet in my office is half full of material on all phases of lonely hearts clubs. I am still listed as a member of three or four national correspondence clubs. I have placed perhaps a dozen ads in "lonely hearts" columns and answered perhaps two hundred ads placed by women. I appeared twice on a lonely hearts

television show broadcast from Los Angeles. I have met screwballs, dingbats, hypochondriacs, and quite a few glamorous and willing dolls including a nymphomaniac!

Not all of my forays into Loney Heartsville have ended in success. Some have been nearly disastrous. Some have been funny as hell.

I sincerely believe my experiences have been typical, and if you've ever considered playing the game of Lonely Hearts, this article may save you time and trouble.

First, let's examine the mail order clubs. Three to five bucks buys you a lifetime membership in most of them — and there must be several hundred. Their literature is

HEART CLUBS

The exclusive story by a reporter who actually joined several so-called "Lonely Hearts Clubs" passed their questionable entrance requirements and dated some of the sexiest, wildest, most bewitching females imaginable.

full of such homey cornpone as:

"You may find the one you are seeking lives in or near your own home town. A life-time mate, a pen-pal or a companion in place of loneliness, all this is yours. You need not be lonely any longer. All the blessings of life to which you are entitled can be yours if you will join our club right now — today."

My experience with these clubs lead me to the conclusion they are not worthwhile. The most interesting thing I learned from them is that women will write the most intimate details of their sex lives, past and present, to someone a few thousand miles away where they would never discuss the matter in person.

One charming screwball sent me a nude photo of herself in her first letter. Later, a pair of panties and one of her stockings followed. She gleefully detailed how she'd posed nude beside an open window and teased a sailor on a passing tugboat until he committed an obscene act. I promptly told her what I thought of teasing women and our correspondence came to an abrupt halt.

If you dig the unusual though, you might have some fun with the mail order clubs.

Before joining up, there is one aspect you might want to consider. A couple of years ago, a relative of mine employed a chap I'll call "Davis" as a salesman. Davis was a good looking lad of about twenty-five. His small black eyes held a strange glazed look of madness. He told me he'd just been paroled from a Federal Penitentiary. He'd spent two years there for using the mails to defraud.

His lonely hearts operation was both simple and profitable. Joining several clubs, he obtained the names and addresses of both men and women. He wrote to them as a member of the opposite sex. His story to them was that he was a young medical student (or nurse) from the correspondent's home state. Having no relatives, he wanted to write to someone "back home." Davis had traveled extensively and was quite proud of his ability to appeal to regional tastes and attitudes. He regarded the letters as a business and put in eight hours a day writing them.

Gradually developing a friendship — or a love affair — Davis learned his correspondent's financial standing. He then began mentioning his money difficulties — tuition, books, etc., were just taking every dime he had; he wanted to be a doctor so very much; working after classes until two in the morning was making it impossible for him to go on, etc. etc. The difficulties got progressively worse. Usually his correspondent volunteered a loan. If they didn't, Davis dropped them and added a new name to his list. This operation netted him \$300.00 per week. He said that eventually he'd made the mistake of asking a correspondent for money. When that correspondent and another one who had also been sending Davis money met, the result was a prison term. Davis said he planned to go back into the lonely hearts business someday. He never made it. The last I heard of him, he was in jail awaiting trial on several counts of forgery, and the Army wanted him as a deserter.

After accumulating considerable information about the mailorder clubs, I lost interest in them. One persistent outfit kept sending

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LONELY HEARTS

me applications and finally dropped their price to a mere \$3.00 for a lifetime membership. Their literature was very specific on the point that only people of good character, high morals, honesty, and good intentions would be accepted as members. Annoyed, I decided to have some fun. Here are some of their questions, and the answers I gave:

<u>QUESTION</u>	<u>ANSWER</u>
Will inherit?	Nothing
Own a car?	Jalopy
Make?	No, bought
Children?	None (?)
Names and ages?	Who knows?
Are you a member of the white race?	Probably
Name your hobbies:	Seducing women
Your sports?	Bedroom
Describe type of person you wish to meet:	A young prostitute who is tired of the racket, or a nymphomaniac.

And did this club after specifying only high-type moral people could join cash my check? You bet they did! They sent me a dandy little membership card in appreciation, and along with it, a long list of names and addresses of their women members.

NOW LET'S JOURNEY into the world of the Personal Introduction Service. This modern version of the Marriage Broker will be found in most major cities. One club alone offers service in 17 cities. The price for six months service is in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars. Consequently, I did not join. One club in Los Angeles is a little more reasonable — something like \$50.00 for six months with \$15 down and weekly payments of \$5.00. I also passed this offer.

Several years ago though, I did get in on a bargain rate offer. The club is one of the largest and best known in Los Angeles. My cancelled check shows I paid only \$5.00, which as I recall, was for a month, or maybe two weeks trial. A more recent inquiry disclosed rates were now much higher — something like \$35.00 minimum. The service is probably typical.



The personal introduction service operates like this:

The club operator takes your application (and money) and then calls one of the girl members. She tells the girl you are "a very nice young man" etc., and then turns the phone over to you to make the date.

The girl may turn out to be a dog — or a glamor doll. It may turn out that her given age of "25" should have been marked "second time around." At any rate, you're generally trapped into taking her to dinner. Club operators like to talk about doing "the gracious things" on dates, and "gracious" in their vocabulary is equal to "expensive."

Frequently the girl you've dated gets cold feet and isn't home — or if you've arranged to meet her at the club, she doesn't show up. The club operator is sorry etc., and sets about trying to get an emergency replacement. Emergency replacements generally are not up to answering any emergency.

Suppose though, that your blind date does show up. She might be a living doll. But you're apt to discover she's paid out cold hard cash and she feels that entitles her to meet a wealthy guy with marriage on his

mind instead of other things. Consider the logic that a young chick who is halfway good looking and wants to hit the hay isn't going to have to pay a club to succeed and you've got the big reason personal introduction services are no place to hunt goodies.

NOW, finally, we're getting around to touch-down territory! And that, since we've eliminated everything else, lies in the lonely hearts classified columns.

After considerable experimentation, I have arrived at the conclusion that answering ads placed by women is a colossal waste of time. When a gal is so hard up she has to place an ad, the chances are there's something drastically wrong. She may turn out to be a hypochondriac, or have some other form of psychoneurosis. Or, she may want a husband — and nothing but a husband. Even though my system of dropping sexy hints into an initial letter is designed to scare off impossibles, sometimes they're just too stupid to get the point. If the gal sends along a snapshot and is halfway good looking, I'll give her a call. If she sounds interesting, I'll make a date.

After dinner, a few drinks, etc. I get around to finding out what the score is. Too often, the answer is a somewhat shocked "no!" or an "I'm-not-that-kind-of-girl" routine. Of course, if the girl's a real doll — and that has happened, I slow down the procedure and extend it over a few dates. I'll also adjust the financial outlay to the quality of the potential reward. Once in awhile, I'll get stuck with a real kookie-do, in which case once is enough — no score, no nothing just dump her as quickly as possible back on her doorstep and charge it off to a losing bet.

For some strange reason, women who answer men's ads are of an entirely different sort. This is the real promised land. Placing an ad requires considerable thought and calculation. It must frighten off the conventional types and reach the type of girl who casually reads the ads with some idea of going out for a lark, escaping boredom, etc. To capture her interest, you have to create an unusual image of yourself in just a few words, and use words that directly appeal to her state

of mind. My most successful ad read approximately as follows:

WRITER, 29, tall, broadshouldered, wants to meet a most unusual girl: 18-35, realistic, slightly cynical; a rebel without a cause, inclined toward beatnik philosophy, and yet feels an overwhelming need for understanding, love and marriage.

The word "love" cannot be used in some papers unless followed by the word "marriage," that at least was true of the paper where this ad appeared for one week. The cost was slightly over twenty dollars, but never have I gotten more for my money!

One answerer was a good looking brunette of about 23. In her letter she admitted she was married, but still wanted "to carry on a relationship with as little facade as possible." She proved that was exactly what she meant a few minutes after I met her by saying: "Look, let's just skip the preliminaries and go to a motel."

Afterward, she mentioned her husband was something like 6'3" and strenuously objected to her extra-marital escapades. I politely thanked her and bid her goodbye.

Another replier was startlingly beautiful. Tall and dark-haired, she had a magnificently proportioned figure. She was about 34 years old. She told me that she had just divorced a husband who was extremely limited sexually.

We had a pleasant evening of dinner and the theatre and then parked on a lot adjacent to a bowling alley in the Los Angeles suburb where she lived. She had left her car there. We proceeded to neck. This girl came on like wild!

Despite such fabulous runs of luck, there are girls like the one I'll call Della — the next replier to the ad. Her letter was fairly interesting, and a phone call resulted in a voice that bespoke of curves and such, so I invited her out for dinner.

Her address was on Los Angeles' south side. The house was a ramshackle affair. I was admitted by an aged crone, Della's mother, who said daughter would be right out. The crone and I carried on a miserable and inane

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conversation. Della finally spiralled into the room ala Loretta. There, all resemblance ended. Della, I would surmise, could have made a living posing for broomstick ads.

"Well, old boy," I silently conceded, "How do you get out of this?"

Deciding there just wasn't any way out, I resigned myself to following through and taking her to dinner and getting rid of her quickly thereafter. The only sporting thing to do, old boy, I mean you do have to expect losses and all of that!

After a few minutes of prattle, Della suggested we go. With all the enthusiasm of a man walking the last mile, I stood up.

It was then that the crone rose. Donning a tattered shawl, she confessed she didn't like to stay home alone and was going to impose just a tiny little bit and come along to dinner. She announced she was sure I wouldn't mind, and Della was equally sure.

Now much as I am inclined to accept strikeouts in stride as part of the game, and all of that, this was going just too damned far!

As Mama and Della escorted me toward the car, I looked at mama with concern and said, "I parked a bit far down the block — I'll just back up so mother won't have so far to walk."

Without giving them time to protest, I sauntered casually on ahead to the car. They were not far behind. The motor didn't catch immediately and they were closing in.

Finally the motor started — just as Della was reaching for the door. I burned rubber getting out of there. In fact, I broke speed records getting the hell out of that part of town. I clearly envisioned Della and mama making a mad dash to a hidden motorcycle and setting out in hot pursuit.

I've often wondered if they actually did collect any free meals with their routine. It was rather practiced so I guess they must have been able to stick a few suckers.

ANOTHER REPLIER to the ad told me she was eighteen. She thought a writer could open whole new worlds to her. She included some poetry she'd written which was full of such phrases as:

"I long for strong arms to enfold me;
For gentle lips on mine . . ."

A phone call produced a dove-sweet voice and a very agreeable nature.

I drove out to Santa Monica one Saturday afternoon and met her in the park that runs along the ocean front. She was tall, and slim, and blonde, and had all the beauty of Lolita.

Lolita, as I recall, was eleven. This little chicklette was somewhat over that — say two or three years.

In California, however, there is an unmarvelous type law called Statutory Rape which puts all Lolitas beyond the pale of the sheets.

Since I'd invited her to lunch, I figured it might be fun to go along with the gag.

She confessed she was only fifteen, but felt that life was passing her by. She wanted to live — really live — and older men knew so much more than boys her own age.

After lunch, I asked directions to her address. With half-closed eyes, and a slight smile, she said, "I'd much rather go to your apartment for a drink."

"Yes, dear," I answered, "I imagine you would, but I'm afraid we'll have to forego that for a little while — like about three years."

She pouted silently until we reached a corner near her home. She looked at me with soulful blue eyes and said, "Aren't you . . . aren't you even going to kiss me?"

Against my better judgment, I kissed her. For a little girl she kissed well — much too well!

She pressed her soft young body against mine and whispered, "There . . . now will you take me to your apartment . . .?"

Temptation nibbled — in fact it bit deep — but I somehow managed to get the door open and her outside. "Go — girl — go!" I said hoarsely and drove away.

It was only much later that I recalled hearing of juveniles working the lonely hearts columns. Their method of operation: One of the sharp chicks in a gang lures a man into committing Statutory Rape — knowingly or unknowingly. Or for that matter, all she really



has to do is get him alone where he had the opportunity. A day or so later a couple of the boys from the gang call on the victim and say they saw him with the girl. She told them he had relations with her, she's under age, and the victim had better come across with money. Some of these sharp kids even take photos of the whole affair. That is the best reason I can think of to stop teaching photography to high school kids! Medical evidence of rape can be added to the story. With that in mind, I regard my sexcape from that Lolitaesque chick as an encounter with near disaster!

MY FONDEST MEMORIES arose from a unique facet of the loney hearts game — a television show. In June of 1958 I saw a show broadcast over a television station in Los Angeles. It was a panel show where people ostensibly seeking marriage were being interviewed. Viewers were invited to join the club for \$5.00 and appear on the show. Noting that most of the people interviewed were more interested in promoting some private enterprise than marriage, I began to get interested. At that particular time, I had a story in a magazine that I thought might be adaptable to some television show and it occurred to me this might be a way to draw attention to it. Also, many of the girls interviewed were rather nice to look at. Of course, most people are reluctant to publicly proclaim themselves willing and available for marriage, but I have

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a "what the hell" attitude and decided it might be fun.

The producer was more than willing to let me plug the magazine story to have me on the show. Volunteers were notable by their absence and he was even running in phonies and paying them.

After the show, he took all those who had appeared on it to a cafe for a snack and chatter. In the group was a tall vivacious blonde. She was the kind of a girl that draws looks, whistles, and thoughtful speculation, and I'll be damned if I know why she wanted to be on the show. She certainly would have no difficulty attracting male interest. She had a warm and friendly personality, though she could be considered scatterbrained. In short, she was the type of girl who puts life into any party.

I managed to sit next to her and our conversation led to her phone number.

Betty, we'll call her, told me that she was a widow. Her husband had been an army enlisted man who liked to drink. He'd gotten soused one night, and while riding with a drunken buddy had met his end in a head-on collision. Betty had four small children.

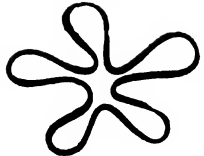
Betty was a real sweet doll and a lot of fun to be with. She confessed the need for a love life had been growing since the death of her husband. And, as she put it, a girl of only 25 who has four children has demonstrated an interest in something more than golf and bridge. In fact, Betty confessed to being an honest to goodness nymphomaniac!

She wasn't interested in marriage, which would cost her part of her government allotment — just a love life.

Our happy relationship lasted a blissful year before finally breaking up.

I think you'll find as I have the game of Lonely Hearts can be fascinating. It can lead into many strange adventures. True, the strikeouts are numerous. And, even the strikeouts provide a few laughs. So if you're bored, and prowling bars for pickups doesn't have the old kick anymore, you might give Lonely Hearts a whirl. Good hunting!

THE END



Some Secretaries ♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

Secretaries are getting hard to find these days, especially good ones. Used to be a businessman could ask all sorts of things of a secretary and usually pick out a good typist with a pretty face and with luck she would turn out to be a good worker. Nowadays he may have to show her the soft rug and an equally soft chair, outline her coffee breaks, allow her several rest breaks on the company couch and if she happens to be a rock and roll fan, his record collection had better be up to date. Only then can he ask if she can type.









After an interview with the secretary a businessman will soon find out if he has qualified to be her boss. She may have a few unusual habits like laying around on the soft rug and lounging in her soft chair and who is to say what she wears during her rest breaks on the company couch. If the record collection is a good one chances are she'll stay awhile



Night School Teacher





NIGHT SCHOOL TEACHER -- This fetching blonde is a night school teacher, but relax boys there are no openings in her class at present and besides the requirements to become one of her pupils are most difficult.

One thing about this teacher -- she doesn't expect her students to be able to do anything she can't do. In fact there has not been one student able to equal her, although there are a few graduates that are able to stand on their own merits.

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*It's what's up front
that counts!*



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In case anyone would like to know just what requirements it would take to be able to call this beauty, "teacher," they would be rather simple for some. The measurements would have to equal say 36-22-35 and the applicant would have to be young, pretty, and female since our teacher has a class of models every night in her Hollywood studio.

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HIGH

If a young Irish maiden named Hillary is about to have her first date and she planned to wear her new high heels for the first time, she would not want to appear awkward so what could she do? See next page.

HEELS

FOR



HILLARY



She practiced, that's what. She climbed out the window a hundred times and walked down the steps in her high heeled shoes so many times that by the time her date arrived she had to wear tennis shoes because her feet hurt.

A HITCH

By
EL EDWARDS

IN TIME

A guy can have himself quite a time with some of the greatest dolls in history. If he has the power, that is.

I have just returned from an unbelievable adventure that has left me with no ill effects except for a colossal headache, a slight nervousness and a tremendous thirst. Most important, it has confirmed my opinion that women have always looked and acted pretty much the same down through the ages.

Until my immediate superior advises me otherwise, I can't reveal the details of how my journey through the past was accomplished, except to say that we used Rays.

As I recall it, there were three of us sitting in a booth at Spook's Tee Room that night—Jerry Pratfall, Ray Tossup, and myself. After spending the afternoon poking the pills over eighteen holes and the early part of the evening experimenting scientifically with various Martini recipes, we had slid into a semi-pro discussion of man's quest for knowledge. We had concluded that man's exploration into space was prompted by his need for more room, and that his fooling around with time arose from a desire to race through it instead of against it.

Jerry and Ray also advanced the theory that the women of today are more beautiful and a lot more complex than their predecessors, but my stubborn mind refused to accept this. How can a guy know how Cleopatra—or Helen of Troy or any of those dolls—actually looked and felt just by reading about her in a history book. Given the advantages of today's silk hose, filmy undies, and shape-sustaining brassieres and panty-girdles, wouldn't those tomatoes of yester-century measure up to ours of today? And, even more interesting, how would they stack up without clothes?

That was how it came about. As I said, I won't reveal the launching, which was quite impromptu, or the preparations, of which there were none. All I can say is that, using Rays, I made a fast trip through the ages—alone, rather uncomfortable at times, and mighty happy at other times.

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A HITCH IN TIME

Continued

The oddest thing about the adventure is that I didn't merely backtrack through time as heroes in fiction have done. Instead, I experienced a long blank interval which dropped me at, or about, 1000 A.D. and sent me hurtling forward, with occasional stops, to the present. My brief stops on Earth can be explained only by comparison with a ball ending its flight; as it begins its series of bounces, the intervals between the bounces become shorter until they run together at the consummation. As my progress continued, my speed must have decreased because the stops (bounces) became more frequent and allowed more time for dawdling.

Because of my long initial blackout, I have only the haziest memories of the early part of the trip. My first contact with Earth, around 1000 A.D., was a quickie. I can recall speaking to a big Scandinavian whom I judged to be Mr. Lief Ericson because; (1) he was obviously a mister, (2) the nameplate on his luggage said "Ericson," and (3) everybody in his gang called him "Lief."

I watched the big lug squeeze his buxom girl friend goodbye and after he'd gone I approached her.

"Where did he go?" I asked her.

"Someplace call Amerika, I tink," she said, smiling and stretching seductively. "You stay?"

"I've been there," I said, running my fingers through her golden hair. In no time at all, she had forgotten poor old Lief—until, somehow, her tunic parted at the waist and revealed the gol-darndest corset a man ever saw. That's when she remembered Lief.

"The key," she moaned, squirming in my arms. "He's got the key to my chasity belt!"

It was plenty frustrating. Some guys just don't trust anybody. She was looking around for a hammer when I felt myself going. But I'd made one point . . . the women in those days would play around, too, when the tom cat was away.

Next thing I knew, I was over in England and the sign along the road said "Coventry." From a newspaper I found in a garbage can I gathered that the year was 1043.

There was nobody on the street that day except a bunch of dogs and myself. The people must have known I was coming, I decided, or else they were late sleepers. As I sat down on the curb to rest, I heard the clatter of horses' hooves on the pavement. I was ready for just about anything by then . . . anything but what I saw.

The horse, which I didn't look at closely, was white, and the lady rider, whom I did look at closely, was beautiful. She must have left home in a hurry because she had forgotten to put her clothes on or pin her hair up. She rode, slowly and majestically,

down the street, looking straight ahead. That was okay with me—the slower the better as long as it was fast enough to make her jiggle. She had plenty up front to jiggle, too, and I was glad her hair was hanging down her back instead of her front.

It was a pretty good show until I spoiled it by applauding. The lady and the horse turned and galloped away. Point number two . . . even in those days, the women liked to show off and tease but were easily scared away. And they looked delicious without any clothes on.

A guy yanked me into the nearest building. He was blazing mad.

"What dost thou mean," he yelled, "scaring yon horse away!"

I tried to calm him down. "You a horse lover, son?"

He stretched himself up like a rooster. "I," he crowed, "am the original Peeping Tom, and thou hast spoiled my fun."

"Who was the babe?" I asked.

"Yon babe," he said, "was Lady Godiva."

Before I could apologize, I was in Plymouth, Massachusetts, and the year was 1621. I walked up to a short husky chap who was sitting on a tree stump looking down the wrong end of a musket.

"Is there a restaurant around here?"

He gave me a queer look. "What's that?"

"I'm hungry," I said.

"I'm Scandish," he said, "and I'll give you all the grub you can stash away if you'll get me a date with Priscilla."

"It's a deal," I agreed. "You fill me up and I'll fix you up."

A big Indian came up and tapped me on the shoulder.

"How!" he said.

Being quite cowardly, I turned and ran, and when I got to a log cabin I busted right in. A woman screamed—probably because she was just climbing out of a washtub full of water. She was beautiful, all nude and wet and slippery like that, and I made the mistake of handing her a towel. Then she smiled.

"Who are you?" she asked, draping the towel where it counted most. "I'm Priscilla."

I knew enough to use my motel registration name.

"John Smith," I said. "Miles sent me."

Her eyes widened. "Miles?"

"He wants a date," I said, "and then he'll give me something to eat."

The towel began to slip and she winked. "You've got the wrong Priscilla, bub," she giggled. "I'm Priscilla Hoggewach, but I'll feed you and make you happy."

"Just a minute," I said, "I want to check a theory." I reached into my pockets and pulled out a pair of

sheer silk stockings, a French net brassiere, a pair of lacy white nylon panties, and a frill-fringed four-inch garterbelt.

Of course I had to show her how to put all these things on, but believe me, when we got done she looked so good I had to take them all off her again. After all, you can't chew gum with the wrapper on. And this babe made me forget all about being hungry—for food. She also proved that pretty undies really doll up a doll. Eventually I passed out again . . . from weakness, I suppose.

When I came to it was the year 1750. My bounces were getting shorter.

The Potomac River was stretched out in front of me and a tall, handsome chap was taking off his coat next to me. Without so much as a glance at me, he wound up and started flinging silver dollars across the river. And wouldn't you just know it, there was a whole flock of lovely women on the other side, catching the money. Even in those days, they flocked around where the money was.

This guy would make a good president, I decided, the way he could throw the dough around.

"Take me to your leader," I said.

He didn't bother to stop throwing. "I *am* the leader," he said.

I tried flattery. "You should be in Washington."

"I *am* Washington," he said.

The start that gave me caused me to skip twenty-three years into 1773. I was in Boston on a cold evening in December.

The Boston folks were all het up about something they called the Stamp Act. I approached an elegantly-dressed lady who looked sedate and peaceful enough, but when I asked her why they were all worked up she exploded like a firecracker.

"The blankety-blank stamps!" she squealed. "They're taking every blankety-blank cent we make!"

At last I was getting into something familiar. Stamps are my hobby, too.

"It *can* be pretty expensive," I said. "I'm a collector, too."

That must have been the wrong thing to say, because everybody gathered around me, cussed me and all collectors in general, and then tossed me into

the cold water of the harbor. The women in those days, too, were complainers and could easily get you into trouble.

The icy water made me sneeze and I picked up nearly two more years.

Then it was April and I began to warm up a bit. I was still near Boston, in a town called Lexington. There seemed to be plenty of excitement here, too, and I noticed a lot of faces I had seen in Boston. Hearing the sound of a galloping horse, I looked around, expecting maybe another Lady Godiva. But it was only a guy shouting something about red coats coming. A sort of colonial commercial, I figured, probably advertising a new line of spring coats.

When I spotted a lovely young woman weeping at her front door, I knew how to make her feel better. Quick as a wink, I stepped inside and began pulling the frillies out of my pockets again. I soon found out that then, even as now, the fastest and surest way to make a woman stop crying was to ply her with pretty gifts.

In due time she was standing proudly before me, looking far better than most modern gals would have under the circumstances. She filled the brassiere out wonderfully, and the panties were so shoe-horn tight they were almost transparent. The sheer stockings brought out all the lovely contours of her legs, slimming them and highlighting every enticing curve.

"And this ain't all, honey," I said, panting with anticipation. "The red coats are coming, too!"

That's how I found out the horseman had been Paul Revere and the redcoats weren't on our side. But before I could undo the damage—or the bra—I was moving again . . . so fast that by the time I learned the redcoats were really coming, they were going again.

Pretty soon I did see a red coat, though, on a cute little girl who was sitting in front of me in a cold one-room schoolhouse in the year of 1935. I was only ten years old then, so I threw an eraser at her. She got so angry her face turned purple and I saw that it was Florence, my future wife. The teacher started shaking me . . .

I was on my back on the davenport at home. Florence was shaking me. She was grown up and filled out nicely, but her face was still purple. I tried to explain.

"Fetch my immediate superior," I mumbled.

"I *am* your immediate superior," she snarled.

"Rays," I murmured feebly. "We used Rays."

"Next time you use Ray's martini recipe," she said, "lie down *before* you sample it . . . so they won't have to carry you home. And for Goodness sake, Eddie, stop playing with my underwear and stuffing it in and out of your pockets!"

THE END



"GEORGE WAS" 



A FRIEND OF MINE"

I stepped over one afternoon to visit a friend of mine named George who is quite a well-known photographer. He had just started to teach me a few things about a camera when an emergency came up and he had to leave for a few minutes. I still had the camera in my hand when this young doll walks in the room and scares me half to death. I had no idea that George was not alone and he did not mention a doll at any time. She immediately starts to disrobe and I nearly drop the expensive camera. She looks puzzled, but goes into one pose after another. I click the lens button and crank away although I am not sure whether we have film or not in the camera. More -







Everytime I click the camera the girl does something else. She even grabs my hat and tie for a few shots and I seem to have swallowed my voice and cannot utter a word – besides who wants to. She looks at me during each pose to see if I approve and I show my appreciation by clicking the camera again and nodding my approval. I keep wondering if George planned all this or if he might kill me if he comes back and catches me.







the best

It is not often that a photographer will shoot the same model twice, since he can usually get all the shots he wants during one session. A professional photographer will spend an afternoon or even a full day working with a subject and in most cases his file would be complete on the girl.

of TWO



However, when a model such as the comely miss pictured here, shows up with such a completely different hairdo and causes the lensman to do a double take just to make certain she is the same girl, he may be tempted to start a second file on her that could become as large as the first.

Model changed so much in a few months that one has to look twice to make certain it is the same girl. Of course, there is also an added advantage in shooting pictures of a model for a second time. Her experience will probably improve her every pose.









Men have been intrigued by the sight of women in sheer silk hose for many years and this has never been more evident than in the hundreds of letters that wives write to editors of magazines that feature that type of pose featuring hose. Many women even confess that they must hide while removing their hose since the very sight of the act moves their husbands to undeniable amorous advances. Of course, should the woman herself desire to provoke these advances she has only to make certain the husband is watching, the light is good, and the time is ripe.



8

2

4



Most of the poses that feature a girl scantily clad tend to be far less artistic than the full nude pose such as are shown here. The fully nude model must be posed artistically to be acceptable to the standards of society.

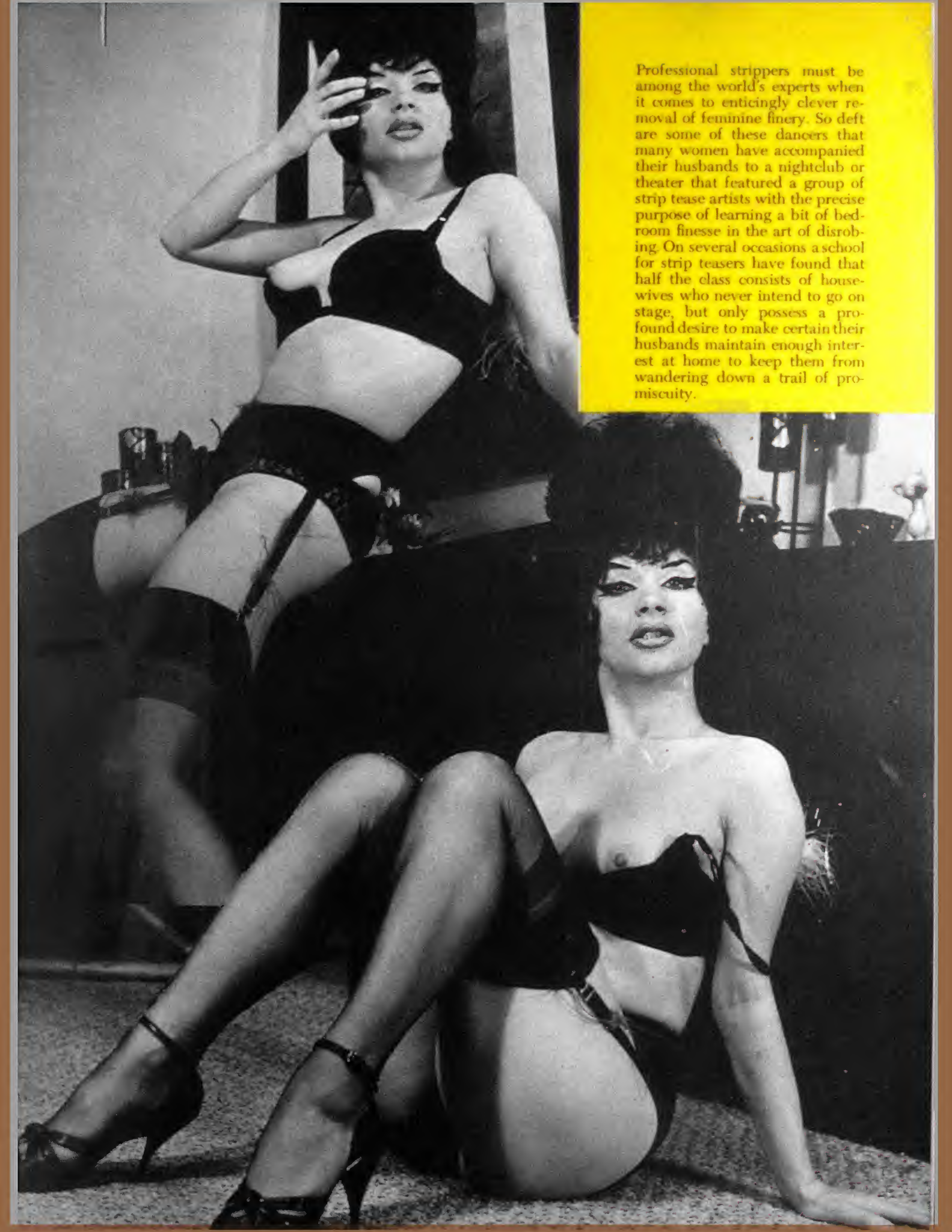


SWINGIN' WAY TO PARADISE

"CHARM"

Since the teasing removal of hose by a bewitching female in the presence of her man is usually confined to the marriage bedroom, there is only one other purpose the hose can serve. That is to enhance the beauty of a woman's legs, which they accomplish with such sublime brilliance. Millions of women put on a pair of hose nearly everyday of their life with about as much concern as slipping on an overcoat. But a wife that has learned the rewards of cleverly removed finery, may find that her marriage can endure where others might fail. Keeping a husband's interest is a full time job for every married woman and a school for brides that could teach the fine art of removing a pair of hose would do much to alleviate the divorce rush that prevails today.





Professional strippers must be among the world's experts when it comes to enticingly clever removal of feminine finery. So deft are some of these dancers that many women have accompanied their husbands to a nightclub or theater that featured a group of strip tease artists with the precise purpose of learning a bit of bedroom finesse in the art of disrobing. On several occasions a school for strip teasers have found that half the class consists of housewives who never intend to go on stage, but only possess a profound desire to make certain their husbands maintain enough interest at home to keep them from wandering down a trail of promiscuity.

1

Since fleeing from Communist aggression, the beautiful Hungarian brunette named, Natasa, shown on these pages, has risen to such prominence as to be regarded as one of the top five strip tease artists currently appearing on the circuit.





Natasa will soon become the subject of a book that should become a best seller. The story of her struggle to survive in Hungary, her ultimate escape after losing half her family, and her meteoric rise to stardom on American's stages would make fascinating reading.



As in the case with many expert strippers, Natasa proves equally adept at modeling, where the income from mostly daytime work can combine with the nightly exotic dancing to run a yearly income into five figures.



Natasa is such an accomplished swimmer that she once trained for the Olympics. This particular skill undoubtedly saved her life when she once swam to freedom with bullets splashing about her in the water, only to find that her husband had been blown to bits when he was discovered hiding in a farmhouse. With these awful memories of Hungary pushed as far back in her mind as time will allow, Natasa, was understandably thrilled when she saw her name standing alone at the top of a theater marquee for the first time.



Natasa has come a long way from dodging bullets in a country where fifty dollars a month is an average income. She now takes delight in dodging stagedoor phonies with a nice weekly check in her hand that can run as high as five hundred dollars.



A topless bathing suit must be a designers dream. For twenty bucks a brave young damsel can buy one of these suits that consists of a rather unpretty bottom half and two straps that go over the shoulder and are supposed to hold the whole thing up like old-fashioned suspenders.



What's Topless?



If a girl is lucky enough to own her own swimming pool, she will save twenty bucks by wearing the bottom half of any bikini, two piece suit, or maybe bikini briefs such as are shown here. The bravest of the topless bathing beauties have yet to come up with a public beach that is safe from the gendarmes, so the confines of ones own backyard seems the only answer

Sheffington Sneer and the Wild Challenge

By CRAIGLINE



There came a knock at my door. I tried earnestly to ignore it, but, whoever old iron knuckles was, he certainly didn't give up easily. I pulled the chair from its tilted position under the door knob and shoved back the three sliding bolts. I turned the key and opened the door.

"Yeah? What do you want?" I snarled.

He stood there in his dashing Western Union suit, the yellow envelope clutched in his hot little hand.

"Sheffington Sneer, sleuth, confidential agent, and lover of women?"

"Who else?" I threw out my chest. He threw it back.

"I have a telegram for you, sir." He gazed at me with a peculiar look on his peculiar face.

I took the telegram from him and asked, "What's the matter? Haven't you seen a naked man before?"

"Not answering the door to his office at noon. No sir, this is a first for me." He got on his bicycle and pedalled towards the elevator. He muttered something I got as, "What some guys won't do to get out of tipping."

I stuck my tongue out at him as the elevator doors slid shut. I closed my door and walked back to the room in the rear of my office. I laid the telegram in the fishbowl with the rest of my important business papers.

"Now, where were we, Miss—, Miss—. I can't remember your name." She started to say something. I cut her short. "Makes no difference. It's your qualifications we're interested in right now."

She smiled up from the leathered double sofa. "I certainly hope I qualify for the job." She breathed heavily, removing the remainder of her clothing. "I'm a rather good secretary, you know."

So far, her qualifications were of the highest caliber. I put my arms around her. "Can you type?" I bit her on the ear.

"A little," she answered.

"Can you take short ar—er, shorthand?" We lay back on the sofa.

"A little," she answered.

"Do you mind working after hours?" I reached, and she bolted upright.



"Oh no! I can't work after hours." She began collecting her wardrobe. "Mama would have a fit." She slipped out of my grasp. "No, sir. I just couldn't work after hours." She beat me to the door. I had forgotten to lock it.

The lad in the snappy grey uniform was just rounding the corner on his bike. She leaped aboard the handlebars, her clothes under her arm and tears coming to her eyes, (the bike had a horn on the handlebars), and he cycled into the elevator once more. Smart alecks.

I thumbed my nose at the open mouthed spectators who had gathered in the hall and returned to my office. I shrugged my clothes on, mumbling to myself.

What I needed was another challenging adventure to sharpen my super sensitive wits. If I just had a then I remembered the telegram.

I pointed to it at the bottom of the bowl and Goldie, my four hundred pound sturgeon, dived to retrieve it. Pushing the squid and the Manta Ray aside, he brought it to the surface. I took it from his mouth and patted him on the head fondly. Good boy.

I anxiously opened the soggy mess and laid it upon my desk. It read:

"Sheffington Sneer. Sleuth, confidential agent, and lover of women. Say, Ace, bet you can't stop me before I snatch the treasure of Zilchburg. This is a challenge."

I stared in utter disbelief. It must be a joke. No one could possibly dream, even in their wildest imagination, of outwitting me, the incomparable Sneer. I read on.

"This is no joke. I intend to outwit you.

Your Superior
Oswald Knowledgeknob"

Impudent nincompoop. Didn't he know what he was implying? Questioning my top quality know-how and almost unattainable high degree of intelligence, that in itself showed his complete ignorance. He would have to be taught the proper respect.

It would be child's play, but after all, a challenge is a challenge. I had nothing else to do for a few days, so I might as well amuse myself with this unknown upstart.

There came a crashing at the door. Ah, the little secretary-to-be must have reconsidered and came to the realization of what she was missing in the interview. Nonchalantly, I dashed to the door and pulled it open, ripping out the bolts, locks, and the whole damned mess. "Darling, you've come back." I panted. I took her into an embrace.

Correction. I took HIM into an embrace.

He smiled at me, fluttering his long lashes. "I didn't know you cared, sweetie."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



SHEFFINGTON SNEER

AND

THE WILD CHALLENGE

Continued

I stepped back. "No. Today is Wednesday. Monday is my day for boys."

"Oh prattle, shuckens, and gosh." He swore a mean blue streak. "I always seem to have the bad luck." He was broken-hearted.

I spun him around and nudged him out into the hallway. "Better luck next time," I told him and closed the remainder of the door.

I returned to the fishbowl and was about to don my scuba gear for a sprint with Goldie, when the echo of knuckles on wood rolled through the room. I went to the door and there he was again. "Short week, wasn't it?" I sneered at him.

"Oh you got me so discombuberrated and twitterpated I almost forgot what I was really supposed to come here for." He twitched about, eyeing me from head to foot, his eyes lingering in between.

"Yeah, just what did you really come here for?" I had my hand on his chest, keeping him at arms length. My, he was a wiry little devil.

"I was supposed to give you this." He extended his hand with a package in it. I reached to take it and he pulled his hand back, causing me to come closer to him. "Kiss me first," he said.

I kissed him with five big clenched fingers. I was standing on his chest when I tore the package from his grasp. I rolled the weeping body into the hall and closed the door once more.

It was a small package and I opened it quickly. It contained a child's candy sucker on a stick. Enclosed was a note.

"Sheffington Sneer, you are indeed a sucker. You shouldn't have thrown the lad out like that. He is an eccentric millionaire. How stupid can you get?"

It was signed, Oswald Knowledgeknob.

That tore it. I would immediately set about the small task of disposing of this Oswald Knowledgeknob.

First of all, I had to find out where Zilchburg was located. I whipped out my trusty Rand-McNally and noted there was three areas of population designated with the unlikely title of Zilchburg.

One was a suburban township in the greater Los Angeles area. It figured.

The second Zilchburg was in the European country of Yapushamot, a Soviet satellite nation.

The last Zilchburg was in the friendly, serene, and vastly stable, infant nation of Congo.

Now to determine which Zilchburg had the so called treasure. L.A. was the closest, so off to L.A. I packed a few things I thought I would need. I tucked away a couple of suits, my Sneaky Kit, a set of dueling pistols, and my spy glass.

I flew into L.A. and went out to Zilchburg. I checked into the Chamber of Commerce. I walked up to the girl at the desk.

"Hello, miss. My name is Sheffington Sneer. I just flew in from the east."

She smiled and said, "You flew all the way?"

"Yeah, and let me tell you, my arms are sure tired."

She sympathized with me. "I'll bet they are. Especially with that big old pack on your back."

"You have to be in shape, alright," I confided in her.

She seemed to be in deep thought. Suddenly, the familiar dawn of recognition lit up on her face. "Sneer. Sneer. Sheffington Sneer? Oh my gosh."

Smuggly smiling, I said, "You've heard of me, have you?"

She vaulted over the railing that separated us, unbuttoning her blouse in mid air. Crushing herself to me, she breathed, "Oh, Mr. Sneer. Who hasn't heard of you?"

She threw her arms around me, flattening the pack on my back. I reciprocated. "Baby, how would you like to work for me?"



She became as excited as a child would. "Do you really mean it, Mr. Sneer?"

"Certainly," I said, letting my hands slide down her back to the reverse side of her lap. "Would you care to be inter-uh-viewed?"

"Oh, yes. I'd love to be inter-uh-viewed by you, Mr. Sneer." If she got any closer, she would be on the other side of me.

I finally persuaded her to come unglued from me long enough to take the pack off my back. "I like privacy during these inter-uh-views," I told her, breaking out the tent from the pack.

The waiting area was not quite big enough and I had to knock out the railing and push her desk against the wall. Thirty seconds later we were snugly encased in the sleeping bag, with the red lantern turned down low.

I had the spirit of Marco Polo, De Soto, Sir Henry Hudson, and Columbus. I explored and explored. Soon, I asked her, "Is that passion, sweetheart, or is it an asthma attack?"

"I don't have asthma, Mr. Sneer."

I conducted the interview, and then I conducted another one. I wanted to conduct another one, but I wasn't quite up to it. I was like a working man's paycheck. I was spent before I was made.

"Do I get the job, Sheffington?" Her eyes were hopeful.

"What did you say?" I was amazed.

"I asked, do I get the job, Sheffington?" she repeated.

"I'm afraid not, miss. You see, you called me by my first name. That's one thing I don't condone. Familiarity from subordinates. I'm sorry," I told her as she broke into racking sobs.

"He said it would be this way," she said between snuffles.

"He said? Who is HE?" I queried, slipping my tie in place.

"The man who said to deliver this message to you." I don't know where she could have possibly had it concealed, but she produced a sealed envelope.

I tore it open and read its contents.

"Well, stupid, you're not getting any closer to stopping me. I feel kind of bad about you making such a miserable start, after the reputation you seem to have gotten, so I guess I'll have to help you out a bit. This is not the right Zilchburg.

You have two more choices. Ten to one you make the wrong choice.

Your Superior,
Oswald Knowledgeknob

P.S. You realize, of course, I'm giving you the same thing you just gave to the girl. And I don't mean an interview."

This guy was beginning to get under my skin. Two more Zilchburgs. I must once again call upon my resourceful intelligence. I flipped the coin. It

came up Yapushamot.

"Sugar, I've got to make it to Yapushamot," I told her. She was standing on a chair beneath the rope she had tied to the light fixture. She slipped the noose around her neck and said, "Swell. The walk will do you good."

I packed my gear, folded my tent, and quietly stole away. She stepped off the chair. Oh well, you can't win them all.

As I was going out the door I passed this way out cat going in. He glanced at the girl in her birthday suit dangling from the light fixture. I heard him remark, "Man, what crazy light cords they got in this pad."

I prepared for the trip by using the printing press from my Sneaky Kit to print the necessary passports and visas. I ran off some expense money while I was at it.

I decided on an ocean voyage to Europe. It was an enjoyable trip although it was a bit short. I paddled my kayak into the harbor at Le Harve. After I folded it up, I broke out by bicycle and rode to the border of Yapushamot. I approached the border guard and presented my credentials to him.

He laughed and shoved the biggest burp gun I had ever seen right into my face. "Iss phoney papers. My countrv hass neffer issued a passport or visa to anyone." He looked at me menacingly. "Iss trying to pull a fast one, yes?"

"Heh, heh. Can't you take a little joke?" I smiled, slinking away.

The whinnying staccato of burp gun slugs ripped the air. I heard them twice; once when they passed me, and again when I passed them. There was a resounding clang as the iron curtain closed behind me.

Once out of sight, I stopped to think the situation over. My first little plan hadn't went over too well, so I had to come up with another. Back to the Sneaky Kit. I rummaged through it to see what I had at my disposal. I found just the thing. It was a cutting torch with the tanks attached. I would simply cut my way through the iron curtain into Yapushamot.

I finally managed to get through the metallic barrier. My presence was not altogether undetected, however. I sort of caught a small forest afire with my torch.

I pitched in with the boys from the fire brigade and helped them quench the conflagration. Of course, I had quickly changed into the costume of the country and began speaking Yapushamotian. It is only one of the multitudinous number of languages I learned as a child of nine, while a student at Cambridge.

As we put the fire buckets away, I buddied up to one of the firemen. "Say, buddy, old pal, old pal. Just how far is it to Zilchburg?"

He laughed and called to his friend, Georgi, He

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SHEFFINGTON SNEER CONTINUED

wants to know how far it is to Zilchburg." He laughed louder.

Georgi broke into laughter also. "Zilchburg? That is funny. Ha ha ha."

"Aw, come on, fellas. What's so funny? All I asked was how far it is to Zilchburg. What's so funny about that?" They roared even louder.

I produced a bundle of Kroknoks, the local currency. As their eyes fell upon it, they sobered quickly. "What you want to know, comrade?" Their solicitation was very attentive.

"How far is it to Zilchburg?" I answered, thumbing the crisp, bright red notes.

"Alas, friend. There is no Zilchburg."

"What? No Zilchburg?" I was astonished. "What do you mean, no Zilchburg?"

Their faces saddened. "It has been purged. It is no more."

"What happened?"

Georgi edged towards the money hand, his jowls watering. "Well, it seems a foreigner somehow got into the country and into the town undetected. They would never have known he had been there if it hadn't been for the sign he painted on the proletariat wall."

I handed him a bushel of Kroknoks. "What sign?"

"It was in English. It said, 'Sheffington Sneer, you lose the bet.' It was signed, Oswald Knowledgeknob."

"Oh, frog feathers," I swore. I threw the rest of the Kroknoks into the air and slipped, unnoticed in the confusion, back through my hole in the wall.

So much for minor miscalculations. On to Congo.

I was slashing my way through the dense undergrowth when I came to a clearing. I found I was not alone. I was surrounded by many ferocious looking natives. I would have to play this cagey.

I approached the native who was obviously the chief honcho of the crew. I pulled out my cigarette lighter and flipped the wheel. The flame danced brightly as I held it up to his face. "See, Chief. Magic."

"It sure is, pops," he answered. "It lit the first time."

I was only a little taken aback. "You sound like a real swinger, Chief."

"What else, man?" He snapped his fingers and did an intricate cha cha step. "These Mau Mau meetings and tribal rumbles get to be a drag. You have to swing, man. It's the only route. Dig?"

"I'm tuned in, daddy-o." I spoke this dialect too.

"How come you makin like an International Harvester out here in the outcroppings?" he queried.

"I'm trying to make it to Zilchburg," I answered.

"Zilchburg? Man, like you're there." The snapping fingers and that step again.

"THIS is Zilchburg?" I looked around at the

split level homes with the swimming pools and the TV antenna. "I'll be damned."

"That's your privilege, man."

"I suppose Oswald Knowledgeknob has left one of his witty little missives for me."

"Oswald Who—knob?" The chief's jaw dropped open.

"Knowledgeknob." I told him. "You never heard of him?"

"Like nothingsville, man. Don't know em."

"Tell me, Chief. Have you got a treasure here known as 'The Treasure of Zilchburg?'"

"Did have. It's not here now."

It looked like Oswald had gotten to it before me. "What happened to it?"

He asked me to put him down. When I did, he explained. "Well, you know how it is, man. You get to diggin' sweet cookies and first thing you know, you get short on bread. Anyway, things got tough and we hocked it to some outfit in the USA."

"You hocked it? Who to?" He stepped back out of my reach this time.

"Like man, to the Metropolitan Museum. They dig those native artifacts." Snap. Snap. Cha cha cha.

"How long ago did you send them?" I asked him.

Before he could answer, a pretty wild looking individual in the gay regalia of a witch doctor stepped in front of me. He made a wide sweep with his arm and said, "Before the Chief gets carried away, let's talk turkey."

"Sure." I said. "Gobble gobble."

"Wise guy," the witch doctor grumbled. "I mean, let's talk about a little contribution to the tribal welfare fund."

Why the crafty old con artist. A shakedown if I ever saw one. "What kind of a contribution do you expect?" I had to feel him out.

"Just a little thing or two would be sufficient. You know, a batch of Ella Fitzgerald discs, or something by Frankie would be real swinging, man," he replied, doing the same step that the Chief had been doing. Snap snap. Cha cha cha.

"I might be able to produce the Fitzgerald platters, but I'm not so sure I can come up with the Sinatra recs." He stopped and looked at me with a very hungry look in his eyes.

"Come on man. You can part with them. Be a big sport."

"Why don't you take a flying —, oh never mind."

I told him. "I've got to be on my way. Oswald Knowledgeknob has too much of a start on me as it is." I edged away from the group.

I picked up speed as the poisoned darts and arrows were bowed and blowed in my direction. My feet barely got wet as I crossed the few miles of water known as various oceans. I caught a bit of dust in my eyes as I crossed the great midwestern plains.

Before I knew it I had passed my office. I made a U-turn and came back to it.

There was a group of beautiful young lovelies waiting in a line in front of my office. I guess the ad for the secretary was still running in the paper. I quickly interviewed the first ten and made appointments for the remainder for later in the afternoon. First I had to settle with Oswald Knowledgeknob.

I had a good idea where I could get ahold of my dear competitor. I picked up the phone and called Western Union. I dictated my message to the operator and sat back to wait.

In a few minutes there came a knock at my door. He stood there in his dashing grey suit, his bike leaning against the hall wall. He had a telegram in his hand. I took it and asked him to wait while I went to get him a tip.

This wasn't Oswald Knowledgeknob. I just threw this bit in to confuse you. Ha ha.

Later, I sat with the gun in my hand, waiting. Soon the rapping came again. I yelled, "Come in."

The door came open slowly. He smiled. "Hello, fella." He smiled that familiar smile and fluttered his lashes again.

"How are you, Oswald?" I smiled back at him.

"Oswald? What do you mean, Oswald?" He was a bit nervous now.

"I mean, you are Oswald Knowledgeknob. That's what I mean." I let him have it.

"How could you have possibly known that I was Oswald Knowledgeknob?" He was flabbergasted.

"It was just a simple matter of deduction. Rather simple, really." I was a little high and mighty.

"But, how?" He swished up to me.

"When you were her last time, playing footsie, I picked your pocket and obtained your wallet." I let him in on my intelligencia. "There never was a problem in identifying you."

"But why didn't you come and tell me? Where were you for the past four days? Weren't you tracking down the clues I left you?" I pushed him back away.

I reddened now. I couldn't let him know I had just a few hours ago thought to look through the wallet. "I was on a special assignment for the government. Besides I knew you would be back today." I aimed the gun at him. "You know the penalty for messing with the one and only Sheffington Sneer."

"But, how did you know I would be back today?" He whined as I squeezed the trigger.

"Because today is Monday." I said, watching him sneeze and fight the barrage of soapy bubbles being emitted from my pistol. "And you know what Monday is."

THE END



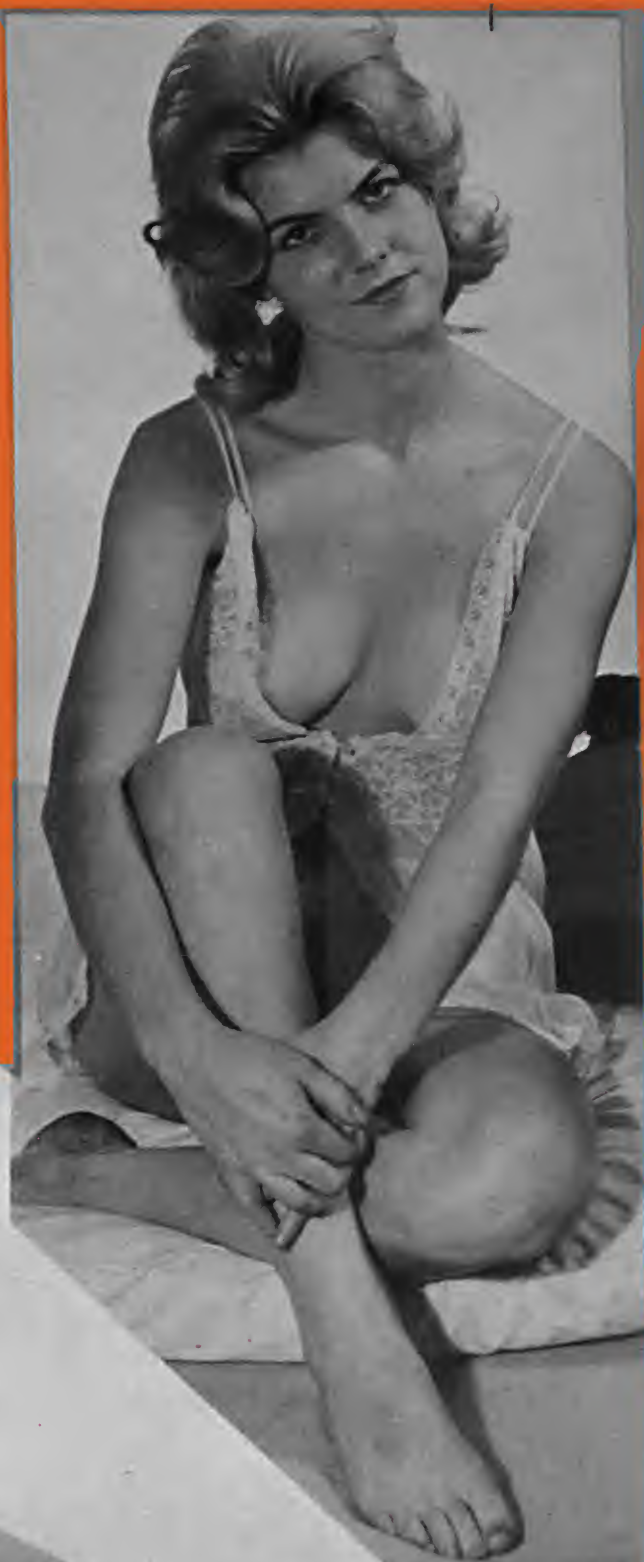
"Mr. Stone — there are only two rolls of nickles missing. I hardly think —!"

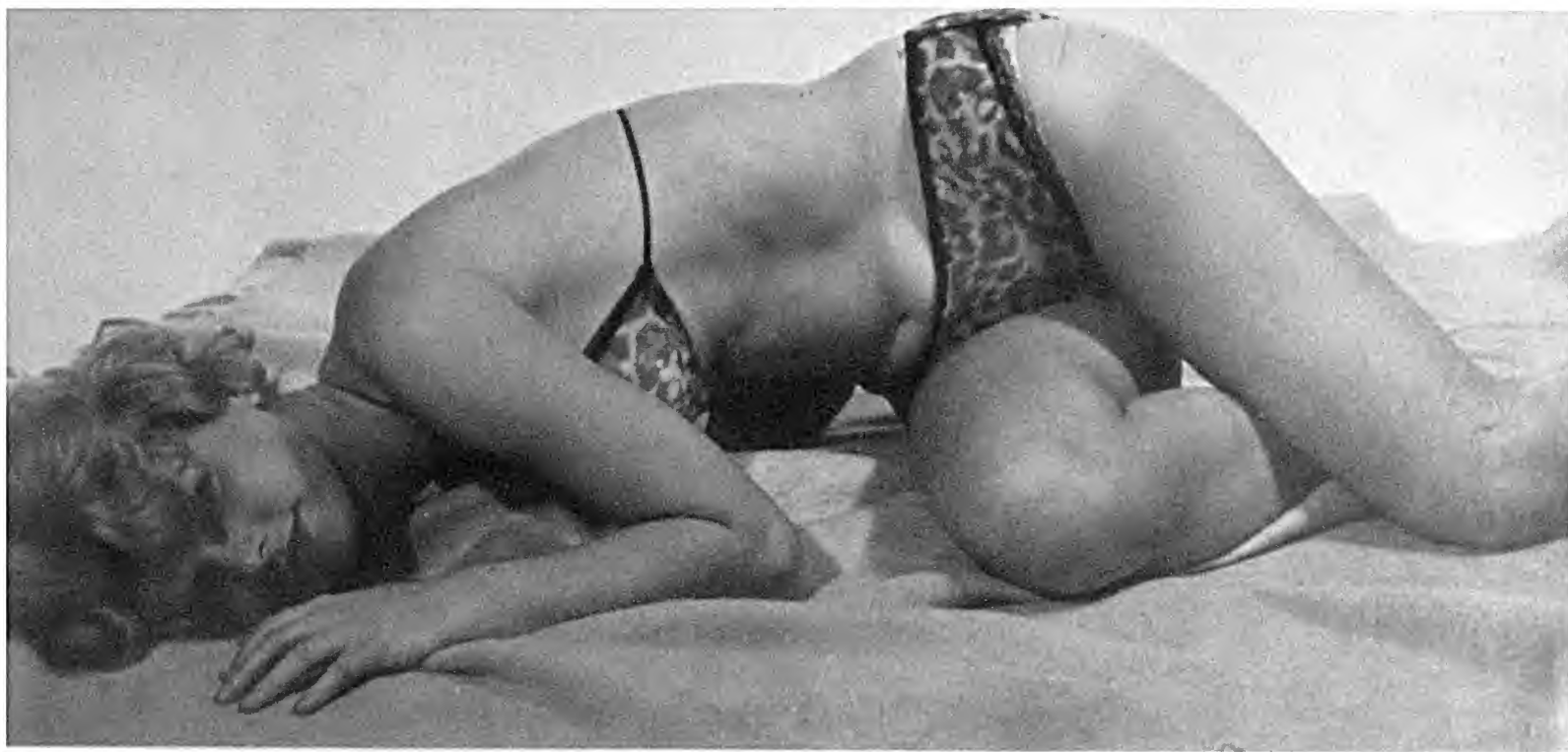


"But doctor — I wasn't hypnotized. I thought it was all part of your study of my physical responses!"

Bikinis and Baby Dolls

One of the biggest fads sweeping America today are the fashion shows that are being presented by restaurants at lunchtime for the specific purpose of entertaining the businessmen. Many restaurants that were floundering financially, found that by bringing in a fashion show that featured even one model attired in such brief finery as a bikini or a baby doll nightie, soon found the cash register overflowing.





Even the topless bathing suit has found its way into the noontime fashion shows for men with many businessman looking up from his hot beef sandwich to find an even hotter young beauty standing a scant few inches from his face with two one-inch straps the only covering above the waist.







Even the flimsiest of nighties are finding their way into these noon "fashion" shows. Most of the girls insist on wearing panties and a bra underneath, but some of the braver shows have featured such wild creations as baby doll nighties with matching panties that were so sheer the patrons had to look twice to be certain the model wore anything at all.



Many businessmen find that their lunch has grown cold and they have left a restaurant a little hungry and a little weak in the knees, but there have been few complaints about the quality of the food. One woman even sued a restaurant since she claimed the sight of a nearly nude girl standing next to her table made her so upset and nervous she was ill for a week. The publicity didn't do the restaurant any harm.

Should a Girl Pose

in Hose?



SHOULD GIRLS POSE IN HOSE? "Sure," said one model when asked by the photographer to don a pair of the sheerest silk-en hose, "I enjoy posing in hose." "Not only do they enhance the beauty of a girl's legs but I know how much men enjoy seeing a woman wearing them." Such was the testimony of one model but still others would refuse to appear half dressed, "Either shoot me clothed or unclothed but none of this sexy half-clad jazz for me," is a common phrase used by models who rebel at the lingerie poses. Several models who balked at wearing any apparel provided at the model studio were finally convinced by the assurance that the garments were either brand new or freshly laundered. Then to gain further confidence, the model is often assured that after the modeling session is over, the hose, panties, etc. will be hers as a gift. This is not too expensive a price to pay to gain the models confidence and assurance to the point where her cooperative attitude will soon tell in the way she poses for the pictures. Such harmony and mutual understanding is essential in the model-photographer relationship.





Most women enjoy seeing their own legs neatly sheathed in a sheer pair of hose almost as much as the men in her life relish the eyestopping views. Few women can resist the urge to twist their neatness, but also to take definite pride in what they see. Then consider the male who can resist looking over a pair of well-clad gams whether it be on the street, at the office or in his own home. A woman never stopped in the park or stooped over at her desk to adjust her hose that every pair of male eyes in the immediate vicinity either fixed on her action or did a double take so as not to miss a single view.





Men cannot resist women in hose and with this knowledge, the exotic dancers in nightclubs throughout the country spend much of the early part of their numbers gingerly removing the hose. The teasingly slow removal of these outer garments is usually highlighted by the slow tantalizing music as the stripper rolls down her hose deftly with her fingertips, all the while turning to her audience to seek their approval. Once the hose are flung aside the tempo steps up as the bumps and grinds accompany the discarding of the last bits of covering up to a point prescribed by law.





The importance of hose to a woman's grooming is the fact that on any important date should her hose snag and cause a run, the most composed female is apt to flare into a rage at her bad misfortune. Many young girls have fled the room at a party or on a date to remove a pair of hose that show a run. Let the hose become wrinkled or loose and watch a woman sneak off to a quiet corner or a secluded spot to adjust her stockings. Always discreet, the woman will pretend no one is watching even if a thousand eyes are glued to her every move.





When it is almost too hot to pose for pictures and the lights make it even hotter for the model, there is only one good solution to the dilemma — let the model dispense with whatever attire she wants and shoot away at will before she melts.



Her Bed

is

Warm





A photographer that specializes in figure studies is always on the lookout for a new and interesting subject on which to try his many and varied camera techniques. He is usually hoping to find a well developed young model with bountiful measurements that will afford his every lens angle with voluptuous feminine curves. Once found, it would be far beyond the wildest dreams to imagine that the girl could have an almost identical twin.

TWINS

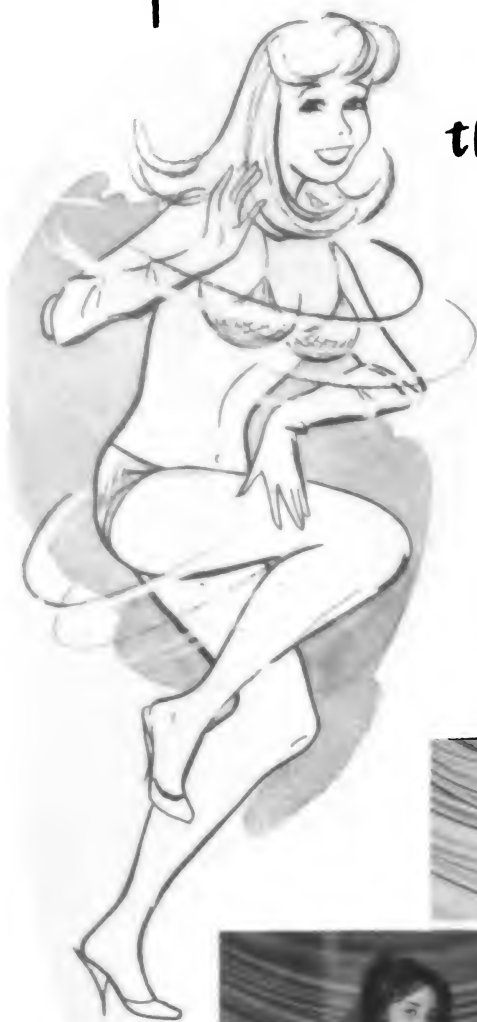


But if he were to shoot a blonde one day and a few days later find a brunette with the identical face and figure, there is only one conclusion — the girl has an identical twin. Since the girl spoke with a German accent, it would be hard to communicate and find out if she truly was a twin or if there was some amazing transformation that allowed this one model to appear to be two different models. More to follow —



The model was called back in and confronted with the sets of pictures. To the photographers amazement, she was now a redhead with short hair. Ready to turn in his camera and head for a straightjacket, the harried photog pleaded for an explanation. After it was determined that she would not be hired for another shooting as a redhead, the model decided to tell it all. She is actually a redhead and keeps her hair rather short and for a definite reason. It makes it much easier to wear the blonde or the brunette wig when she goes out on modeling assignments.





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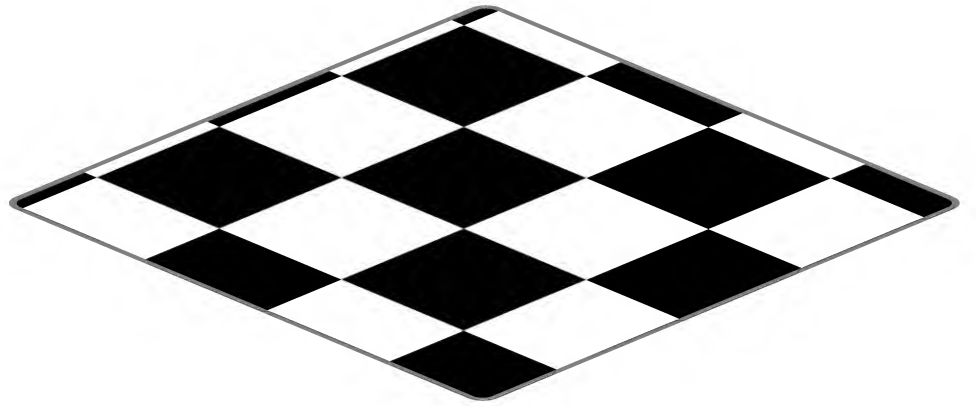
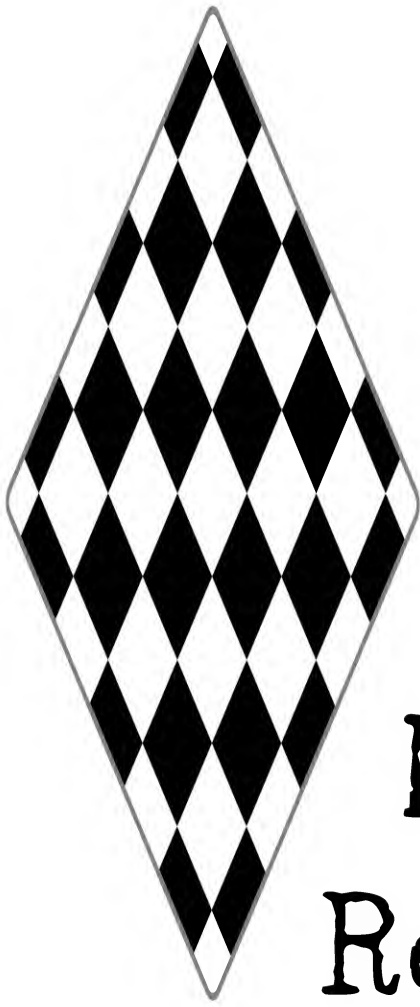
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